

*[They go.]*

I think such an evening had  
 come  
 to me only once before  
 in all my  
 births. Then its cup  
 overbrimmed  
 with love and music, and I  
 sat with  
 some one, the memory of  
 whose face  
 is in that setting star of the  
 evening.—  
 But where is my little girl,  
 with her  
 dark sad eyes, big with tears ?  
 Is she  
 there, sitting outside her hut,  
 watch-  
 ing that same star through  
 the im-  
 mense loneliness of the evening  
 ? But  
 the star must set, the  
 evening close  
 her eyes in the night, and  
 tears must  
 cease and sobs be stilled in  
 sleep. No,  
 I will not go back. Let the  
 world-  
 dreams take their own  
 shape Let  
 me not trouble its course and  
 create